

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year.....\$ 1.50
One copy, six months..... 1.00
One copy, three months..... .50
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.

As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscription in advance.
All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN F. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Sunday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.
M. E. Church South—services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School—every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
Hon. R. Marshall, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—J. H. Winger, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, K. H. Cooper, Fordville, S. L. Falkner, Hartsville.
Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon. George Raycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
K. L. Wier, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Randall, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the first Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Monday in January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICIALS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. Smith Fishback, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
A. R. Russell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
H. P. Howe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Circuit District—No. 1.	Mar.	June.	Sept.	Dec.
H. H. Hall, Jr.	1	1	1	1
J. A. Alford	2	2	2	2
A. W. Brown	3	3	3	3
D. J. Wilson	4	4	4	4
A. T. Collins	5	5	5	5
W. T. Roper	6	6	6	6
H. H. Hall, Jr.	7	7	7	7
H. H. Hall, Jr.	8	8	8	8
H. H. Hall, Jr.	9	9	9	9
H. H. Hall, Jr.	10	10	10	10
H. H. Hall, Jr.	11	11	11	11
H. H. Hall, Jr.	12	12	12	12
H. H. Hall, Jr.	13	13	13	13
H. H. Hall, Jr.	14	14	14	14
H. H. Hall, Jr.	15	15	15	15
H. H. Hall, Jr.	16	16	16	16
H. H. Hall, Jr.	17	17	17	17
H. H. Hall, Jr.	18	18	18	18
H. H. Hall, Jr.	19	19	19	19
H. H. Hall, Jr.	20	20	20	20
H. H. Hall, Jr.	21	21	21	21
H. H. Hall, Jr.	22	22	22	22
H. H. Hall, Jr.	23	23	23	23
H. H. Hall, Jr.	24	24	24	24
H. H. Hall, Jr.	25	25	25	25
H. H. Hall, Jr.	26	26	26	26
H. H. Hall, Jr.	27	27	27	27
H. H. Hall, Jr.	28	28	28	28
H. H. Hall, Jr.	29	29	29	29
H. H. Hall, Jr.	30	30	30	30
H. H. Hall, Jr.	31	31	31	31

CONSTABLES.

A list of the Constables of Ohio County and their Post Office addresses:

Circuit District—No. 1.	W. W. Hall, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 2.	Isaac Brown, Beckwith.
Circuit District—No. 3.	J. M. Cochrane, Central.
Circuit District—No. 4.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 5.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 6.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 7.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 8.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 9.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 10.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.
Circuit District—No. 11.	W. H. Chiles, Hartford.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Cromwell—A. H. Morgan, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Central—W. H. Chiles, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Hartsville—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address Hartford, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address Hartford, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. H. H. MOORE, W. M. Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. B. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

D. E. THOMAS, W. C. T.
H. B. KINSLOW, W. Secy.
G. E. WILLIAMS, L. D.

V. B. RAINS.

ROSINE, KY.

Drugs, Medicines, Patent, Oil, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Cigars, Perfumery, Soap, Gun, School Books and Stationery. Pure Wine and Whiskies for Medical purposes. Patent Medicines &c.

Family Medicines and Physicians prescriptions compounded at all hours.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, SEPT. 12, 1877.

NO. 36.

SITTING AROUND.

They are sitting around upon barrels and chairs, discussing their own and their neighbor's affairs. The look of content that is seen on each face seems to say, "I have found my appropriate place."

Sitting around.

In bar-rooms and groceries calmly they sit, And solemnly chew borrowed tobacco and spit. While the look of content that is seen on each face seems to say, "I have found my appropriate place."

While sitting around.

The "sitting around" is a man of no means, and his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beer.

Yet he somehow or other contrives to exist, And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist, And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist.

While sitting around.

The loungers they tell not, ac yet do they spin, Unless it be years while enjoying their gin. They are people of leisure, yet often 'tis true, They are people of work they're intending to do.

While sitting around.

They have a habit of talking of other men's wives, As they while up sticks with their horn-handled knives. They're easily old set, and stranger you go, You'll find them in groups or wherever you row.

Sitting around.

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

We have no tradition of our having any regularly-learned M. D.'s in the early settlement of the country, and the people seemed to have but little use for them; in fact nature, when let alone, will frequently perform as many cures as the doctors. Every neighborhood, however, had its old lady or gentlemen who were always ready, without fee or reward, to prescribe the proper compound of roots and herbs for every ailment. Wild licentia tea was the principal emetic, and white walnut and May apple pills were the first cathartics of the times. The first actual doctor, now remembered, was a Dutch root doctor, called Housenman. His kettles, in which he compounded his medicines, was no great a melody as the boiling cauldron of the witches of Macbeth. Like all humbugs, he performed wonders for awhile, till John Barnes, a noted character in his day, used to tell the following story of the doctor's practice in his family: Mrs. Barnes, like Sarah of old, was afflicted with sterility. The doctor undertook her case, and was several days in compounding a large jug of medicine, and was about to leave when a neighbor called in and requested some medicine for his sick child, which, after describing its symptoms, the doctor pronounced worms, and turning to Mrs. Barnes, requested the loan of a bottle of her medicine to cure the sick child. This so displeased Big John, as he was usually called, that he paid the bill, discharged the doctor, and broke the jug.

Dr. Charles McCreery settled in Hartford as early, perhaps, as 1807 or 1808. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, of social and convivial habits, vivacious in his manners, and eccentric and frequently original in his ideas and notions of matters and things. He, for a number of years, enjoyed a very high reputation, not only as a physician but for his surgical skill, having performed several bold and then considered hazardous operations, many years ahead of the surgical science of the times. It will now be hardly incredible to state that his practice extended into Muhlenberg, McLean, Daviess and parts of Breckinridge, Grayson and Butler counties. What reflects the highest honor on his memory was the fact that he never neglected poor patients, but visited them as readily as he did the rich. If he had a lazy, slothful patient, the first time he met him after he was well, he would, good humoredly, curse him, and tell him if he did not go to work and pay him he might die the next time he took sick; but he was never known to carry out his threat. He was remarkably extensible and sympathetic in his feelings. During the war of 1812, a doctor of tanking was appointed, and old Thomas Taylor was requested to preach on the occasion. His usual manner was to talk "right on" in plain, simple style, preaching practical piety and morality; lacking with unsparing hand the fables, follies and vices of the day. But this day he was said to have risen to the sublime of patriotic eloquence. During the opening prayer McCreery had become so excited that he started to leave the house, and halting like a whipped child, was met by a friend at the door, and asked what was the matter, and replied: "Why, (using a big oath) if I ever heard such a prayer in all my life."

The following incident he was heard to relate as occurring in his early practice: He was called to see an old lady, swollen to a most enormous size with dropsy. It was impossible to afford her any immediate relief, or even prolong her life for a short period, except only by tapping and drawing off the immense accumulation of water. This he undertook with fear and trembling. The old lady and all her friends and relatives seemed to look to a fatal termination, and tears and sobs were seen and heard all over the room. The young doctor was fast giving away to the same feelings, and losing his nerve and presence of mind, something must be done to change the current of thought and feeling. At this moment a lady approached to remove the vessel which was partly full of the dropsical fluid. Now was the doctor's chance to relieve his feelings and perpetrate a joke. "Don't throw it away," said he. "It will make the best of vinegar." He gained his point. The muttered curses of the

OMAN PASHA.

We have received the following brief, but exceedingly explicit and pointed communication from a source which we have every reason to credit:

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.]

Mr. Washington, Ky., Sept. 2, 1877.—I see by a cable telegram in the Courier-Journal that Osman Pasha, of the Turkish army, is believed to be General Bazaine, late a Marshal of the French army. This is a mistake. I happen to know very well that Osman Pasha is, as I have corresponded with him for several years, and have received letters from him since he has been given command of a division of the Turkish army. Osman Pasha is an American, a native of Hawkins county, Tenn. His name is R. Clay Crawford. He was Colonel of a regiment of artillery during the late war between the States. He afterwards entered the service of the Liberal Government of Mexico, and was made a General of division. He created considerable noise by the capture of Bagdad, Mexico, passing his forces over the Rio Grande from the Texas shore. He finally quarreled with Juarez, the Mexican President, and returned to the United States with a large fortune. He resided for several years at a beautiful country seat on the Delaware, near Philadelphia. His restless disposition caused him to seek excitement, and he entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, was soon afterwards transferred to the service of the Sultan, and commanded the Turkish army at Plena.

L. B. WICKLIFF.

Our correspondent writes with the directness and relativity of personal knowledge, and yet he seems ignorant of some of the antecedents of the hero of his sketch. Crawford is, or was, a really extraordinary person. All that his brief biographer says in the above communication is true. Crawford was a Colonel of Artillery in the war; he did go to Mexico, where he rose quickly to the rank of General of division; he quarreled with Juarez on account of the Bagdad affair, which was really nothing more or less than a freebooting expedition; on the proceeds of this and other plundering operations, he appeared in Wall street, where he struck a streak of luck, making a million of dollars in six or eight months; he bought the magnificent Bidlake estate just out of Philadelphia, lived in great splendor and ostentation for a few years, having married a New York lady, and about 1870, disappeared. He has not been heard of since. He deserted his wife, to whom the letter of our correspondent will come as the first news of a long-lost husband in seven years. All this is corroborative testimony as to the truth of the statement that Osman Pasha and Clay Crawford are one and the same person. If that be the case, the history of so interesting a character cannot fail to be of value to the public. In any case, the revival of the name of the reckless and eccentric East Tennessee makes some reference to his singularly adventurous life appropriate.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

One of the last acts of Andrew Johnson as a member of Congress from the First District of Tennessee was to appoint R. Clay Crawford, of Hawkins county, a Cadet to West Point. That was in the early part of 1853. The lad was turned of seventeen, of respectable parentage. He had had considerable education for the region and period, and was able to take a good position and to make a rapid progress at the military academy. But what he gained in learning he lost in conduct. He was a restless, excitable creature, perpetually involving himself and others in trouble, and never content with established law. The result was inevitable, though longer delayed than could have been expected. He was expelled, and left West Point with a character for intelligence and ambition, but also for recklessness, which attended him in after life. Instead of going quietly to his home in Hawkins county, East Tennessee, he had a mind for seeing the world, and a taste for adventure. His merry spirit would not brook the monotony of the hills and hollows, and his wounded pride rebelled at the thought of reappearing among his old relatives and friends with the disgrace of expulsion upon him. So, having some money to go on, he stopped in New York, and tried life in the metropolis for awhile on his own account.

AN UNEXPECTED MINUT.

Crawford's money soon gave out, and he was thrown upon his wits. These, however, were both self-confident and acute. He had many a wrestle with fortune, but, young and inexperienced as he was, he always fell upon his feet. He would have escaped to this day had he not become entangled in an affair. Of course it was an affair of the heart. In such circumstances as he found himself it is ever the case that a woman comes upon the scene. Thus it was that he was forced of necessity to look towards a companion by his paramour, he had got as far as Wytheville, in Virginia, on his way back to Tennessee, when a fatal mishap befell him. They had put up for the night at the inn of the town. There happened to be lodged there at the same time a rich old cattle dealer, just returned from Alabama. He was loaded down with money. The temptation was too great for poor Crawford. He noted all the points of the case, waited for his victim to retire, and when all was still and dark, stole softly to the room of the cattle dealer. The old man was sound asleep, and the young man was carefully deposited under the owner's pillow. About midnight the sleeper awoke, and very naturally felt to find whether his treasure was safe. It was gone. He happened to be a cool, keen, resolute man. He had noticed the wild young fellow with the pretty young woman, had observed the attention that he had paid him, and immediately his suspicions fell upon them. He got quietly

out of bed, and, without disturbing any one, sought the room of the landlord, to whom he communicated the circumstances of the robbery and his belief thereon. The landlord shared his opinion. They procured a light and a weapon. Then they went together to the apartment of the adventurous stranger. Instead of knocking, as they might have done, considering that there was a lady as well as a gentleman within, they suddenly turned the bolt, and, the door being unlocked, they walked in. A sight indeed met their astonished gaze. There, seated upon the floor, was our ex-cadet and his mistress, the candle between them, busily engaged in counting the cattle-dealer's money. The arrest was made at once. The trial and conviction speedily followed, and, in a few weeks, Crawford found himself in the State Prison of Virginia at Richmond.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL.

Poor Clay Crawford lay, ardent, aspiring! The occupant of a felon's cell; it was hard but fair; and he languished there many a weary month and year, expecting his first attempt at highway robbery. But there is an end to all things. The war came on. Many reports exist as to how Crawford got out of prison. Some say he escaped. Others say he made terms with the Confederate authorities. It is most likely that his time expired. At all events he found himself a free man again. Some time in 1862, after the occupation of Nashville by the Union forces, he turned up in the capital of his native State. His old friend Andrew Johnson was Military Governor. East Tennesseans are proverbially clanlike. Where the clan is concerned they are not unquenchable. The future President was always a partisan as well as a clansman. He rarely forgot or went back upon a retainer. The times were out of joint. After all, Clay Crawford had been imprisoned by the hated Virginians, and that was a recommendation in the eyes of the excited and excitable Union leader. So, once more Andrew Johnson became Clay Crawford's patron and helper. He gave him odd jobs of detective work. Then he helped him to a commission. Finally, he got him the command of a regiment of artillery. There are many curious stories of the exploits of the young adventurer in connection with the army of the Cumberland. One of the most creditable is that on a certain occasion he led some two hundred of his command to substitute broker, who appeared with a large sum of money with him in his military jurisdiction, and, having obtained the money, caused the luckless violator of the law to be tried as a spy by a drum-head court-martial, and, proved guilty of course, to be shot at daylight. He is said to have, he acquired money and lost reputation, so that, in 1865, he found it safe to resign and go to Mexico, where he took service with Juarez, contriving to recommend himself for gallantry and capacity, and rising rapidly from a Colonel of Artillery to be a General of Division.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

Our correspondent refers to the Bagdad affair. It was the sensation of the day. The papers were full of it. Although a freebooting exploit, there was a Robin Hood dash about it that pleased the public taste, and when Crawford was forced out of the Mexican service, it made him quite a lion on the frontier. It is said that he was officer of the day on the occasion when Maximilian was shot. It is certain that he was possessed of many trophies of the dead Emperor when he came East, which he hid in 1867, just after the collapse of the empire. He had not wanted his substance. On the contrary, he had added to it. The sack of Bagdad, it was believed at the time, had yielded handsomely, and it was not the only expedition which he had made. When he made his appearance in Washington he was full-handed.

BECOMING A KING IN WALL STREET.

His old friend Andrew Johnson was President, and would doubtless have helped him if he had required it. But he did not. He had tried his hand as a robber, raider and soldier, and had a mind for speculation on a larger scale. He would become a King of Finance. He would emulate the rising glory of Fisk. He would enter Wall Street. He did so, and won. He struck a streak. One lucky operation after another multiplied his wealth, until he found himself master of a lordly million. He fell in love again, married a beautiful lady living on the Hudson, bought a great estate near Philadelphia, and began a career of luxury and pleasure. Our correspondent is quite right in his reference. Crawford did certainly live like an Oriental. But he was not satisfied. All of a sudden, about three years later, he grew moody, restless, and on one fine morning he turned up missing; gone—no one knew how, no one knew where. But, assuredly, he went, and from that day to this has not been heard of by any of his old companions in any of his old haunts.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED.

Our correspondent clears up this mystery. He says positively that he knows that Clay Crawford went to Egypt, that he enlisted in the service of the Khedive, that he succeeded so well that he was promoted and transferred to the service of the Sultana Porte, and that he is no other than the hero of Plena. It is very like. Nothing could be more characteristic. Crawford never lacked audacity or courage, a mild imagination, an adventurous spirit and a child-like faith in his destiny. A tall, rather handsome man, with light brown hair, and eyes of a peculiar gray, he would arrest attention anywhere. Clad in the brilliant uniform of a Field Marshal of the Turkish army,

with a jeweled coil upon his brow and a

feeling acclimated by his side, mounted upon an Arabian charger, he would be very distinguished in appearance. And thus it is that Osman Pasha is not the disgraced Bazaine, but a reckless and remarkable adventurer, Clay Crawford by name, from Hawkins county, Tennessee. Stranger things have happened, but this is strange enough.

The Man for the Times.

[Elizabethtown news.]

The diligent, sober, economical and virtuous man is the man for the times. This is not an age for day-dreaming nor a time for play. Life in the present age calls for a full development of all the best impulses and energy of which man is capable, and demands that he shall strive to be both useful and honorable.

While we have many good examples in our midst, we need more. Let us have among all classes more industry, more thrift, more honest effort, and there will be less of failure, and less complaint of hard times. Competition crowds out the legions. While these fail the industrious and prudent still thrive. There is no drifting into wealth and honors. All must work their way. There is no room for the idler, the rogue or the loafer in the fields of labor, nor in the ranks of trade, nor in the ranks of professions. While the lazy workman lacks a job, willing workmen are not idle. Labor is honorable, health-giving and profitable. Let us all work, with head and hands. Let honesty, temperance, industry and economy be our motto, and we shall in a measure prosper. It is evident to the most casual observer that the causes of financial embarrassment are not altogether political. While we are satisfied that the protective tariff, and the resumption act and gold-bearing bonds and the demonization of silver, and the waste of the public domain, and the squandering of the public funds, and other radical evils have had a most depressing influence upon the prosperity of the American people, and have taught us lessons in governmental policy that we are not likely to forget; we are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that we have three great evils among us that have prevailed to an alarming extent, and been a great cause of financial distress in the land. Intemperance, extravagance and idleness, have led to worse vices and have afflicted our people as grievously as any political evils, and have brought prosperity to beggary many times. There are other evils in the land affecting the virtue and happiness of our people which we stand ready to condemn, but confine ourself for the present to this simple proposition, which embraces a great deal—the diligent, sober, economical and virtuous man is the man for the times. (And we may add, parenthetically, that such men pay their subscriptions.)

McCondit's Drink Wine.

Burlington Free Press: There was once a noble youth on his being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," replied the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth, refusing to sit at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

Despise not your mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a man's beauty, strength, senses and estate, but her relation as mother is the sun when it goes forth in its might. It is ways in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-haired, but motherly relation is ever in his bloom. It may be autumn, yet, winter; but with the mother, as mother, it's always spring. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How needless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and the coldness of the world comes withering to our heart—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

REV. T. E. RICHES, at one time editor of the "Temperance Advocate," is about starting an independent temperance paper at Princeton, Ky., to be known as the TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, at 50 cents per annum. We wish him great success in this enterprise.—Good Templar's Advocate.

A celebrated temperance worker in England made the remark that "if the English laborers had more home comforts there would be less rum drunk," to which the Rochester Democrat very properly replied that "if there were less rum drunk there would be more home comforts."—Exchange.

Of the whole number of persons committed to the common jails of Connecticut in one year, 2,893, in all, 2,360 were of intemperate habits, and only 108 strictly temperate.

John Walker, an Englishman, first invented lucifer matches in 1829.

Dr. Yeo on Alcohol as Food.

From the Temperance Advocate.

The *Fortnightly*, an English periodical, contains an article in the April number from Dr. Burfield Yeo, in which he attempts to prove that alcohol is valuable as a food. The doctor quotes a statement to the effect that the Cambridge crew, when training, take daily "a moderate amount of (alcoholic) stimulant." In commenting on this statement, the astute (?) doctor says: "It would seem, therefore, to be capable of demonstration that the daily consumption of a moderate amount of alcoholic beverage is consistent with the most perfect development of muscular energy." But this wise (?) doctor of Esculapian draws his conclusions too hastily. If the Cambridge men had given a fair trial to training, both with and without stimulants, and had found themselves worse with the latter, then Dr. Yeo might have been justified in making the declaration quoted; but there is no proof that the Cambridge men have ever so tested the matter. We have many cases to the point, showing that abstinence from all alcoholic drinks is the sure way to the preservation of health and the development of the muscular powers. We will give a few: "A number of British officers were taken prisoners by the Mohammedans, in Jules, and thrown into prison where they were allowed nothing but rice and water. Many of them went into the dungeons with diseased livers and other complaints; when released after several years' confinement they were in perfect health; and on returning to the army they found themselves high in rank by the death of their superiors who had lived freely and drank wine and spirits." "During the four years which Alexander Selkirk spent upon the dreary island of Juan Fernandez, he drank nothing but water; he had been there but a short time, when he increased in strength amazingly, being three times as strong as he ever had been before. But, when taken on board a vessel sailing for England, he began to drink beer and other fermented liquors. After this, his strength gradually declined, and in one month he was no stronger than any other man. Ever, Ed. Knott.

In 1873, Prof. Munroe, of England, stated that he had under his charge two societies of operatives, one composed of total abstainers, the other of those who use spirituous or fermented liquors. In the former, the average time of sickness in year to each member is one and three-quarter days; in the latter it is eleven and seven-eighths days. The death-rate in the former is two-fifths of one per cent., in the latter one and one-half per cent., or assuming the membership of each society to be one thousand, there are four deaths in the former to fifteen in the latter." Many other similar examples could easily be given, but these are enough to destroy Dr. Yeo's theory, and so we lay down our pen.

Keep Busy.

It is the idle men who mutiny at sea, and there is a world of philosophy in realizing the fact. We remember an old Cape Cod sea-captain who, when there was nothing else to do, ordered the watch on deck to recite the anchor. Some one calls cheerfulness the daughter of employment, and it is certainly true that occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment. Men who have half a dozen idlers in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. But in the leisure you have, shovel, poker, tongue, and all, without the least fear of being too busy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines himself into the mad-house or the grave. Employment is nature's physician, according to Galen, and an occupation which is innocent is most certainly better than none at all.

In Schiller's declaration that he found the greatest happiness in life to consist in the regular discharge of some mechanical duty. Motion is nature's law, action is a man's salvation, physical and mental. Stagnant water becomes putrid, flowing water is pure and sweet. Idleness in man is just as surely mortal as death. No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable, though he may have had an idle moment in which he may have thought so. Discontent arises under want of occupation, and that no man need be without, who is blessed with health, eyes hands, and the usual physical endowments. Real life is thought and action, and usefulness lengthens our days. Laziness, like rust, eats into the very heart of our strength; it is the paralysis of the soul. Nature never lies

